...OUT OF SOUTH AFRICA...

A STORY OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

I. "From Africa?" said Dorethy Armstrong interrogatively, her tea-cup poised in air and a real, not society.

her, feeling nervous and looking unhap-py, his mind full of the belief common tell me about it." to all shy persons who go little into so-clety that every one was observing him and criticising his attire. He had just his longing to escape forgotten. More-been wondering what madness made over, the fact of his riches, the wonder him promise Mrs. Playfair to attend of his discovery was still novel, and he her "At Home;" and feeling like a fish had no objection to talk of it. out of water, a stranger in a strange land, was calculating how soon without positive rudeness he could sneak out se regarded him and even his hostess had forgotten him. He could have left jured, but this he did not know. Then

ness of her youth and beauty, the most wery formidable, and seeing that he

fortnight; two months ago I was in Quilimane.' "Quillimane," she echoed, and her face grew pink with sudden excitement.

"Mr. Davis-look, there's a chair vacant there, bring it beside me-I want to know-did you meet my brother "I'm afraid," confessed John, "that

when we were introduced I didn't quite gatch your name." "Armstrong. My brother is Henry Doseph Armstrong."

"I don't remember ever meeting-"Oh," she cried, "don't say that; think

Her agitation and despair were ap-

parent even to John. "I've met so many men in Africa," he explained, "but tell me something about him and I may recall him; or perhaps he went under another name out

him and I may recall him; or perhaps he went under another name out there."

"I shouldn't think so," said the girl simply; "it's three years aince he left England; he was in a bank and quarrelled with the manager, said he was sick of home, and so went to Africa; first to Cape Town and then to Johannesburg, and then Salisbury; he wrote fairly regular for two years, and the last letter we had was about a year ago and dated from Quillmane. We have never had a line since, and are getting terribly anxious; sometimes we fear he must be dead."

"Describe him to me."

"He was a big man, oh, almost as big as you, with light curly hair and blue eyes; awfully good looking he was considered. He sent us a photograph of himself two years ago taken in Johannesburg and then he had grown a beard."

John shook his head.

"I have never met him to my knowledge, but, Miss Armstrong, don't think he's dead; it's strang how quickly men drop writing home, even to sweetheart or mother, especially, if their luck is fair."

"I shouldn't think so," said the girl twas his life or mine, and I shot the straightest."

Dorothy thrilled as she gazed. She had never eat any one like this before. Here was a man indeed.

And now a curious thing occurred. The big, masterful-looking man, with the tanned face, even as she looked at him, grew strangely white, and a look of fear—were not such an idea absurd—seemed to come into the dark eyes twhich a minute before had flashed with momentary anger as he recounted the story of the attempted robber. The heat of the room," he stammered in a which a minute before had flashed with an interesting the transphore of the transpile white, and a look of fear—were not such an idea absurd—seemed to come into the dark eyes twhink a minute before had flashed with an interest look of the attempted robber. The heat of the room," he stammered ed in revously, his cyes furtively dwelling anywhere but on her face.

"Why, it's not hot. I wish I had some smelling-salits."

"Never mind: I'm feeling better. There was no air."

The

he's dead; it's strang how quickly men drop writing home, even to sweetheart

he's dead; it's strang how quickly men drop writing home, even to sweetheart or mother, especially, if their luck is bad. Was he prospering, do you think?"

"No, I don't think so. He used to grumble in his letters, but never said definitely what he was doing. I think mother used to send him money. But surely, if he were alive, he would write or you would have met him."

"It would be far more surprising if I had met him. But I repeat I don't think he is dead, and therefore you may take his long silencs to signify that he want to surely have a long of the lady with her works."

"Me Touris, up and soda, and all about Africa."

"I'm gidal you found him interesting. By the way, Dorothy, will your mothers! Let you come to me next Thursday? I'm getting up a plenic. I know it's no good asking her. You can come? I'm so glad. Good-by, dear."

Presently the hosters encountered her husband, and the man who at that moment filled her thoughts.

"Just been giving Davis a whisky and soda," said the former. "I believe our rooms nearly asphyxlated him; a man accustomed to sleep in the open want to recate the man accustomed to sleep in the open want to recate the man who at that moment is a common of the man who at the m

take his long silence to signify that he is alive. Were he dead, you would have meard; and for this reason; when a man dies out there, he is never utterly friendless and there would be some one with the news of his death. That's always done, however unpopular the man may be. Why I've had to do it three times in the course of my wanderings." "Then we won't give up hope?"

"By no means," said John, decidedly,

Sacrificed to Blood Poison.

Those who have never had Blood Poi son can not know what a desperate condition it can produce. This terrible disease which the doctors are totally unable to cure, is communicated from one generation to another, inflicting its taint upon countless innocent ones.

Some years age I was inoceleted with poison by a wayse who infeated my babe with blood laint. The first was yielded my bab with blood laint. The first was yielded in the feature please, for six long years I suffered untold misery. I was covered with sores and nierra from head to foot, and no language can express my feelings of weed during these long years. I had the beat medical breatment. Beyears physicians successively treated me, but all to no purpose. The mere cury and potant seemed to add fuel to the awful fame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it, to try Swift's Specific. We got two bottless and I fell hepe again review in my breast—hops for health and happiness again. I improved from the start, and a some piece and perfect ear was the result. S. O. in the only blood remedy was heart with it.

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S.S.S. For Blood

is FURELT VEGETABLE, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash, or other mineral. Valuable books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

with the closest attention, brightened

under these words. "Why," she cried, "your name is familiar to me; surely you're the diamond millionaire every one is talking John Davis stood stiffly in front of about; the man who made the wonder-

John was not loath to comply with this request; his shyness had passed,

"My good fortune is very recent; it's ten years since I left England, and no I'm back it seems like a century-old and take a hansom to the club he had friends vanished, familiar places just joined. As a matter of fact, no changed out of recognition. Several times in my wanderings I just missed making a pile, and I thought fortune without anyone being in any degree in- had turned her back on me for good. Well, a little over a year ago I was in Mrs. Playfair spying him in a corner, Durban, and glad enough to get the job remembered his presence, and dragging of assistant book-keeper to a Durban him forth presented him to a girl in a merchant, who was opening a branch white frock as "Mr. Davis-from Afri- at Blantyre. The other man and I took ship by the German line that monopo-This pretty girl, with the sunny face lises the East Coast trade past Delagoa and bright sparkling eyes, seated in a Bay and Beira to Quillmane. We stopbig armchair and making, in the fresh- ped there a few days before we want up country. Then I quarrelled with the charming picture possible, did not seem other man, who ran the store, and went prospecting for gold along the Shire must say something, John turned him-river. I never thought of finding dis-self to the art of making conversation. monds; but in a dried watercourse of self to the art of making conversation. monds; but in a dried watercourse of "Yes, I have only been in England a what had once been a tributary to the main stream I blundered on them. There they lay among the pebbles, just as the first diamonds were found at Kimberley. I rose that morning a pauper, and lay down a milionaire. are the vicissitudes of South Africa,

Miss Armstrong. Perhaps one day your brother may have similar luck." "That's too good to come to pass," said the girl, shaking her golden head.

said the girl, shaking her golden head,
"I should be content, and so would
mother, to get him back a beggar."
Then she looked with interest on this
hrand new millionalte.
"It's like a fairy tale, picking up
diamonds. Didn't you sometimes wonder if it were not all a dream?"
"No." said John, practically. "I was
thirty-five; I wasn't even much excited. Then I was nearly robbed of them,
and life as well, by a stray white man
who came to hear of my luck."
"I hope the man was punished."
"I shot him," answered John, grimly.
"It was his life or mine, and I shot the
straightest."

can't breathe in a London drawingroom."

"Mr. Davis," said the lady with her
sweetest smile, "I want you to come to
my picnic next Thursday—a river
party; oh, now I won't take any denial; Miss Virginia Bond, the New
Yorker every one is raving about, is
coming, and the two beautiful Miss
Deenes and Winifred Armstrong, the
girl I introduced you to."

Somewhat to Mr. Playfair's surprise,
John accepted without hesitation and
took his leave.
"I would never have thought you
would have got him," he observed;
"The going to marry him to Dorothy
Armstrong," calmig explained his wife,
Mr. Playfair raised his eyebrows and
silently signified amusement.

"What will you bet, Dick?" his wife
answered warmly.
"Nothins," was the prompt reply. "I
grant you are clever in that line but—"
"But what?"

"But what?"

"Why monopolize the angels' work; websides, will your marketened.

But what?"
"Why monopolize the angels' work; "Why monopolize the angels' work; besides, will your matrimonial victims feel grateful, say five years hence?"
Smoking a before-dinner cigar in his study, Mr. Playfair, in the light of his wife's intention, again went over in his mind what he knew of John Davis. He had made the latter's acquaintance two weeks before; little escapes the newspapers of to-day, and paragraphs of a find of diamonds in Nyassaland had already familiarized the name to him. "I've got some diamonds to sell," explained the new client, "and you have been recommended to me as a safe agent to employ."

plained the new client, "and you have been recommended to me as a safe agent to employ."

In all Playfair's long and varied ex-perience of diamonds, the bag of gems produced by John Davis had never been equalled; no private individual since the De Beers mines had been formed into a company had ever brought such gems from Africa. And thes were but a portion of the spoils found in the river bed. How rich John Davis was no man knew, not even him-self.

THEN AND NOW.

To say that a man has Bright's disease was once considered equivalent to saying that he stood in the valley of the shadow of death. The end was only a question of time. But that was before Warner's Safe Cure had spread its benefits over the land. C. H. Lincoln, of Medford, Mass., says :

"I had typhoid fever, and after it came kidney trouble, and it was whispered around that I had Bright's disease of the kidneys. I knew what that meant, so I pitched the medicine I had outdoors. I then bought one bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, and took it according to directions. The first bottle gave me relief and I bought a second. Before that was gone I had gained nearly ten pounds. I continued taking Safe Cure, and it cured me."

"I am fifty-nine years old, and enjoy as good health as any man of my age. If anyone has kidney trouble and Warner's Safe Cure will not cure him, nothing will. I believe it the best and only cure for kidney disease on earth."

Nowhere does the proverb, "Delays are dangerous," apply with such force as in kidney derangement. When Bright's disease has set in the kidney tissue is breaking down and passing away every minute. The strength of the body is sapped steadily, surely,

Inasmuch as Warner's Safe Cure alone stops kidney degeneration, should it not be used without an hour's delay when pain in the back and head, a cold skin and bad digestion give unmistakable warning?

concern when he turned faint, they vividly recalled those he had seen fixed in death, hideous in their glassy blankness, staring at the sky.

He had liked the girl extremely from the moment she spoke, but now a morbid fuscination forced him to dwell on her memory and speculate concerning her. Merely as a pretty girl, an acquaintance of an afternoon, in all probability her image would speedly have faded, but knowledge of his gullty secret magnified a hundred-fold the interest she excited in his mind. He must see her again, make her mother's acquaintance as well, and ascertain if they were in any need of pecuniary aid. He hoped heartly they were, he would liberally compensate them for their loss, and thus in some degree salve his conscience.

On Thursday they would meet again; he counted the days.

On Thursday they would meet again; On Thursday they would meet again; he counted the days.
On Tuesday he called on Mrs. Playfair, and asked if he could be of any assistance in making arrangements for the picnic. Playfair he knew was away; in fact he was in Antwerp on John's business, and servants could not always be relied on. He was an idle man, and quite at her service.

Mrs. Playfair willingly accepted, and even graciously permitted him to hire

Mrs. Piayfair willingly accepted, and even graciously permitted him to hire an electric launch for the party. She was a clever woman, but even a stupid one would have speedily elicited the real object of his visit. Of course, she was far too wise to make this evident, and John left, having, as he thought, cleverly pumped the lady concerning the Armstrongs.

thy's future was uncertain, for the greater part of Mrs. Armstrong's income was derived from an annuty and and its could with he better the wide with the better the wide with the better the wide with the better the bottom and its could she have to earn he rown live as the close of the mother died?"

"Would she have to earn he rown live and the chose of the wide with the street of the mother. The the bottom are the could speak to Dorothy without fear of internal the chose of the could speak to Dorothy without fear of internal the she was in the servant, in reply to his query, said that she was in the last kind of man to the wast of again."

"That is very unikely, Henry Arm of the she was the servant in reply to his query, said that she was in the last kind of man to the wast of again."

"That is very unikely, Henry Arm of the could hard by give his reasons, excellent as the could speak to Dorothy without fear of internal the she was in the last kind of man to the wast of again."

"That is reasons, excellent as the could hard by give his reasons, excellent as the could speak to Dorothy without fear of internal the she was in the last kind of man to the wast of again."

"That is to be hoped she will mere by wast of again."

"It's to be hoped she will mere by was reading lying neglected on the ground she house, but the servant, in reply to his part he came straight to the provide and the could hard by give his reasons, excellent as the country of the count in the Indian civil service, deeply in love with Dorothy, but the latter, the inarrator continued, was still, she thought, fancy free.

He went away in a brown study, and sought Miss Armsirong's society on the day of the picnic with a pertinacity and singleness of purpose which caused the onlookers to smile inwardly, and somewhat embarrassed Dorothy, interesting the hough she found her new friend.

Soon he began to pussile her as well, He asked permission to call, and speedily ingraitated himself with Mrs. Armsirong. He was openly anxious to be on terms of close friendship with mother and daughter. It was not surprising that the former misread his motive. Here was a suitor, she thought, for Dorothy was possilively ideal, immensely rich, very much in love—a man of unblemished character, and possessing those solid virtues which mothers in-law most admire. But Dorothy was puzzled.

He did not attempt to make love to the her. He seemed to play the guardian rather than the woor. He was anxilious to do her services, embarrassingly anxious, but the girl soon decided, not desirous of marrying her.

Then why did he seek her society? She mussed deeply on that point, and as the days passed, and elucidation came no nearer, grew somewhat irritated with John Davis. She had begun by liking him very much. She became doubtful how she regarded him, but caught herself incessantly thinking of him.

He was not a happy man, that was evident, and it be often and a hullet flattened itself on the cock by my head. My rife was by me; it caught they and jumped forward my liking him very much. She became doubtful how as regarded him, but caught herself incessantly thinking of him.

Mrs. Playfair, in despair; "is he only amusing himself? If he is, he shall repent it to the last day of his life."
Precisely what she intended to do will ever remain a mystery, What John was planning was the fabrication of Henry Armstrong's death, leaving property worth a hundred thousand pounds. This would necessitate a visit to Portuguese East Africa, and news of his intention of leaving England reached Mrs. Playfair's sers by means of her hisband. She wrote John an imperative summons to call, and gave strict orders that to other visitors she was "not at home."

"So I hear you are going back to

was "not at home."

"So I hear you are going back to
Quillmans?" she began.

John answered in the affirmative, but
that his visit would last but a short
time. He would soon be back again.

"Have you seen the Armstrong lateit?" she asked, presently.

"I was there yesterday. Between ourselves, Mrs. Playfair, I hope, when in
Africa, to trace Henry Armstrong. I
have had letters from Quillmane, and
believe that I am on the right track."

"I heard you were taking a lot of
trouble in the matter, but if you ask
my advice, I should say—don't look for
him."

him."
"But Miss Armstrong and her mother are very anxious to have him found."
"Then you do it to please her?"
"I suppose so." said John, clumsily.
"Do you remember,' he went on, "telling me about Heseltine, the man in love with her? He is coming back from India on leave."
"It doesn't seem to disturb you."
"Why should it?" he asked in surprise.

prise.

Mrs. Playfair lost her temper.

"Do you know your attentions to Dorothy have got her very much talked about—even compromised? You are always calling there, and treat her in the presence of others as though you were her fancee."

John was plainly horrified. "I didn't know," he stammered.

"Are you soing to marry her?"

now," he stammered.
"Are you going to marry her?"
"Il Good heavens! What an idea!"
Mrs. Playfair was now very angry.

Mrs. Playfair was now very angry, indeed.

"What an idea! Please remember armatrong is my friend. If you have meant nothing by your attentions— If you don't think her good enough—""Mrs. Playfair," cried John, "you misunderstand me: I'm not worthy to marry her, but my only wish is her happiness—that she may marry the man she loves, and I was hoping Heseltine was the man."

was the man."

He was plainly speaking the truth.

"You are incomprehensible. You don't love her, you say?"

"I-I," John faltered horribly. Scales had seemingly fallen from his eyes. "I can't marry her. I can't marry her. Don't ask me why."

But Mrs. Playfair was too curious to obey.

obey.
"Are you married?" she queried,

sharply.
"No, no, no, it isn't that, it's som thing elss," John muttered, incoherent thing elss," John down the room.

"No. no. no. it isn't that, it's something else," John muttered, incoherently, pacing up and down the room.
"Mr. Davis." the lady went on, pitilessly. "I believe she loves you."
"Heaven forbid," cried John.
He got away, somehow, still guarding his secret, and going home, wrestled with his new trouble. He had deceived himself from the first day or their mesting. The fascination she excressed over him had, he deemed, nothing to do with love. And he was a morose man, not making friends with those he came into contact with; barely civil to the men. No one had ventured on even a mild jest at his seeming infatuation. "How blind I have been," he cried. He went over her treatment of him. In the new light of his knowledge it was possible he had won her love; that he loved her deeply and sincerely was now plain to him. Nothing stood between them but the shadow of Henry Armstrong, shot by his hand thousands of miles away.

But! What a but! How could he ask

strong, shot by his hain towards miles away.
But! What a but! How could he ask her to marry him, how bind her with a wedding ring while she vowed to love, honor and obey her brother's murderer? It was horrible to think of; and yet, it he told the truth he wrecked two lives toward. forever. What was he to do? Either way h

What was he to do? Either way he saw trouble. Suppose they married, the shadow unseen by her would fall athwart his path, her very innocence of it adding to his bitterness. No, that was not to be thought of. Suppose the learned the truth, and her love turned to hate? So vivid was the picture he could hear her passionate reproaches.

Tell her all, and let her decide if her love was strong enough to nation? Yes. Tell her all, and let her decide it her love was strong enough to pardon? Yes, that was the better way. It would be an ordeal, indeed, but he must do it. On the morrow he would speak, tell the tale soberly and truthfully of how her brother died by his hand; how he had learned unwittingly to love her, and abide by her verdict.

ly pumped the lady concerning the Armstrongs.

MITA. Armstrong was a widow, and lived in a small house in West Kensington. comfortably enough; but Dorothy's future was uncertain, for the greater part of Mrs. Armstrong's in come was derived from an annuity and didd with her. The widow, moreover, was in poor health.

"Would she have to carn her own livelihood if her mother died?"

"Ch, yes. There are no relatives to give her a home."

"Perhaus her brother will come back from Africa with a fortune."

"That is very unlikely. Henry Armstrong is about the last kind of man to the control of the control of

perience of diamonds, the bag of gems produced by John Davis had neverbeen equalled; no private individual since the De Beers mines had been formed into a company had everbrought such gems from Africa. And these were but a portion of the spolls found in the river bed. How rich John Davis as no man knew, not even himself.

Then why did he seek her society brought such gems from Africa. And these were but a portion of the spolls dispatched them to fetch a bunk he had self-defined in John Davis. Then why did he seek her society brought such gems from Africa. And the spolls found in the river bed. How rich John Davis. She had begun by Ising him very much. She became millenged them to the conscience had troubled him little conscience had forotten him.

He was not a happy man, that was even the latter in the most desired him little conscience had fornotten him to identify him; he had buried him and fornotten him.

Then even while he spoke to the girl of the occurrence the hideous truth that this was the man's sister suddenly on the responsibility of the occurrence the hideous truth that this was the man's sister suddenly and strangeness. The description talled H.

J. A. He had turned sick and faint as he realized that he sait by the sister of the man he had killed. He traced a likepiess between them, especially in the blue eyes which looked at him with doubted.

"Listen, this partly explains it: 'Had my clothes all stolen just over a year ago, and was utterly destitute when Lord Daunton came across me.' It must have been the man who stole the clothes." Dorothy, let me have my answer now."
"What answer," she asked, but he cheeks were crimson, and the most difficheeks were could draw a happy augus;

"Don't ask me, sate tree, seed on t."

What would she have said? John never knew, and she never knew here self; there are situations of which begins of the same self there are involved have been one. For fate loves playing impish tricks with men and women, and not always does she releat at the last moment and end our dilemman.

Household Words.

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thy took it silently, still looking at John. She was far from guessing the truth, and when the footsteps of the maid had passed beyond hearing, John

Boothy was rapidly sathling the letter.

"This was written less than a month ago; for the last fourteen months he has been in Central Africa with Lord Daunton's hunting and exploration party, Just back again in Quillmane."

She broke off reading to ask suddenly, "Why were you so sure it was he whom you-"

"Because he was a big man with a yellow beard and black hair, and blue syes, just as you described him. And his shirt was initialled H. J. A. I guesed t all at once as you were speaking that afternoon we first met, and I seemed to see a resemblance in your face. I never doubted."

Thank heaven I was mistaken. But

from her manner.
"Tell me," raid John, presently,
"what would you have said if this let-ter had not come?"
"Dont'ask me," she cried, hustily, "oh,
don't."





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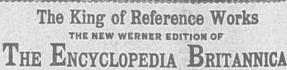
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